

I WILL SIGN ANYTHING
by Raymond Pettibon

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IT IS REplete WITH A HUNDRED REASONS.

SUPERFLUX PUBS

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YES, IT IS TAKING RATHER LONG, THE LADIES ARE DOING POSES, HE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE WANTED TO DO ANYTHING BUT PAINT.

SCULPTURED TO THE QUICK.

ANYONE (WHO WISHED TO MAKE A FRESH DRAWING OF THINGS AS THEY REALLY WERE WOULD NOW HAVE HAD TO PLACE HER, NOT AT A CERTAIN DISTANCE FROM ME, BUT INSIDE ME.



Gotham City's pressures can
get you off with stories.



IT FAILS SOMEHOW TO BREAK THE SPELL OF OUR CIVILIZA-
TION.

THE LIGHTS GO ON, THE STARS GO OUT,



DO YOU REALLY THINK HEARST HIMSELF
WOULD BE INTERESTED IN MY STORY?



Hamlet might reach him.

THAT THE MUSIC JOES
BEYOND WORDS.....SOUNDS

HEAR CROSSES FOR THE DOSSER



NATURAL LIGHT.



OVER EVERYTHING ITS
SHINE.

HE SEES
EVERYTHING
DOES HE?

ANYTHING
THAT MOVES.

HE'LL WATCH ANYTHING.

The beginning of seriousness.

And you can never
go back to before
that beginning.

You will want
to protect
your artist's
hands.

...and each artist's feelings while digging music that turns...



I GOT THE PICTURE-- AND I LOST ONE EYE!



NOW THAT WE HAVE FELT MCCARTHY'S RUDE
BOOT, THE CAREER OF DIPLOMACY HAS THE
SAME EFFECT UPON MY LIFE AS A MONASTIC
PROFESSION.

ET TU, COHN?

HOOVER HAS PHOTO-
GRAPHED THEM IN
EVERY ASPECT, FROM
EVERY ANGLE,
DRESSED AND
UNDRESSED.

ISN'T IT A TRIBUTE
TO AMERICANISM
THAT ONE MUST
GO TO THE SOVIET
BLOC OR ITS INSI-
DIOUS AGENTS HERE
TO FIND PORNOGRA-
PHY THIS RICH?

I KNOW THE WORLD
FULL - THERE IS NO
PLACE, NO HOLE OR
HIDING-PLACE, NO
IMMUNITY FROM THE
BIG STICK, THE DOUBLE-
EDGED SWORD OF TWO-
FACED DIPLOMACY. NO
HEAVEN OR KREMLIN WALL,
TOO.

I RECOGNIZE MY INQUI-
SITORS FROM THE DMZ
ZONE OF THE STATE'S OWN
URINALS. IN THE CAPITOL
MEN'S ROOM THEY NOD TO
ME WITH THEIR PUBLIC
FACES.

THE SWARTHY RUSSIANS
HAVE ABANDONED ME TO MY
OWN KIND. (WHO AM I?)

I AM THE LAST
HOMOSEXUAL (AND LAST
COMMUNIST) IN THE
STATE DEPARTMENT.

HOOVER WOULD NOT
DARE HIRE ME FOR HIS OWN.

THOUGH I HOPE MCCARTHY HAS
CAUGHT MY HEPATITIS.

THEY'RE NOT SO TOUGH WHEN WE BRING THEM TO LIGHT.



There should be a warning label on his penis.

I FEEL DEFILED, NOT
ENRICHENED, BY
WARREN BEATTY'S
SPERM.



I MARRIED
INTO A
CRIME
FAMILY.





Maybe moving to
Russia, or killing
a President, will
straighten out my
life.

I SHALL RETAIN NOT YOUR NAME
BUT YOUR STORY.



The only real place I've been to.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

AND
DRINK?

SHE FILLED HERSELF
GOSSIP OF EVERY PORT
TOUCHED, AND TOOK P-
UNDERSTAND THE NATURE
ALL RACES AND CLASSES
ON OUR BEAT.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE TO
WHISKEY-AND-SODA? BEER?

WITH THE SHORE
WE
AINS TO
OF

SHE IS ALONG
FOR THE RIDE: FROM
THE HALLS OF MON-
TEZUMA TO THE
SHORES OF TRIPOLI
NOTHING ESCAPES
HER WATCHFUL
JEALOUS EYES.

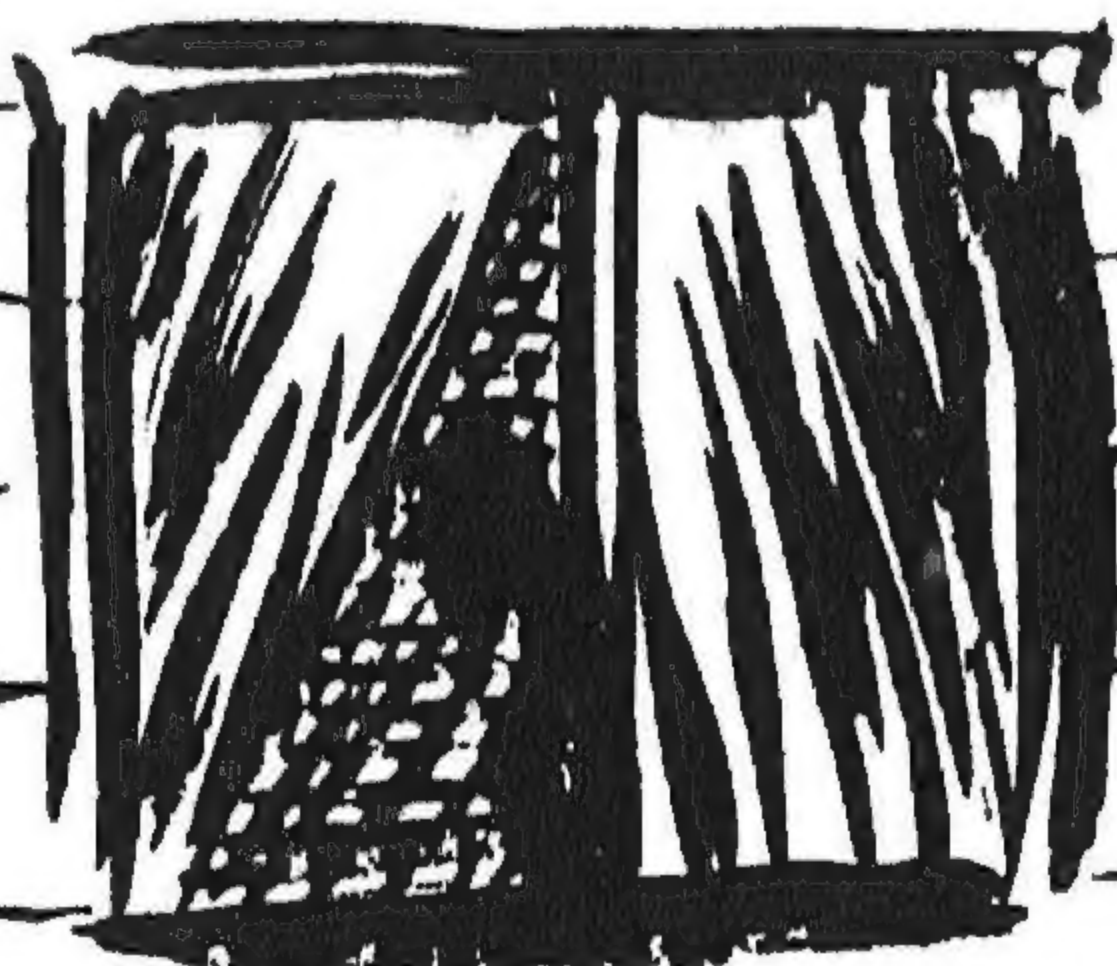


WAKE UP!

WHAT DID WE DO BUT FATTEN HER UP FOR HIM?
HER FIRST STIRRINGS.

THEY CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.
THEY LEAVE SO ABRUPTLY, WITH SUCH EASE, I FEEL I HAVE LIVED
A LIE ALL THESE YEARS.

SIXTEEN YEARS ADD UP TO NOTHING.



A GIRL WHO HAS BEEN DRIVEN THAT FAST MAY AS WELL BE
FROM ANOTHER PLANET.



It buys me time,
even as I light a
candle for the dead.



Measuring and illuminating the whole collapsing
world, and the artists who work in it.

AND OUT OF THE SOUTH ROSE THE SMELL OF ANOTHER CONTINENT—FAINTLY
RANCID, ACIDULOUS, LIKE THE SMELL OF A TOAD.





THE EAR SEEMED TO HEAR STIFLED CRIES, THE EYE
TO NOTE HALF-HIDDEN FLICKERS OF LIGHT,
THE IMAGINATION TO SENSE UNRESOLVED DRAMAS.